

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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It is understood that if we credit that \$1.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

"Praise the Lord, God is Love and Nothing Else."

FUTTINGHAM, INDIA, Dec. 1st, 1885.
[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

The Station, like Cawnpore, has its memorial church and its ghastly "well," where one party of the murdered fugitives were thrown in heaps. One enclosure now embraces both—the church being erected on the spot where the victims were shot down and buried, by order of the Nawab, who had mounted the vacant throne, which he mistakenly hoped to hold, upon the overthrow of British authority. Vain hope! A few months more and he was himself a hunted fugitive in turn. I counted the children mentioned upon the memorial cross above the fatal "well." Seventy-six little ones alone. Scanning record, when one thinks of the lives of the British, and the very spot, recalls everything to one far more vividly than any verbal description can possibly do.

Mama, Will and I are at the dear Woodside—friends tried and true of many years. What a joy to be with them once more! Of all the men I know, Bro. Woodside possesses the youthful freshness and elasticity of spirits most unimpaired. And for hearty, loving hospitality in his own house he has no superior. We tested that in Delhi, in '56, when his capacious bungalow was the central feature of an annual meeting, well remembered yet by all the old members of the Lodianna Mission. Ah! how time speeds on its course! And how many, many things, glad and sad, have happened to us both since those happy days. Woodside and I, in all future life, are bound to hold a place in the hearts of all the "Troop" none others can occupy—as the only two who welcomed us, returning to India, after so long an absence.

Other dear brethren, by subsequent kindness, have blotted out all sense of wrong received, and taught us to forget, what wounded us like a rapier's thrust, at the time. But these two dear fellow laborers have only done what we wish forever to remember with tender gratitude and affection. Bro. W.'s bungalow is at Rakkar, two miles from both fort and city, where a Christian village claims his presence and attention. He has a very pretty church a stone's throw from his house, where he preaches to the native Christians. Quite an extensive tent factory is carried on by native brethren, with which, however, the missionary has no connection, but an advisory connection. Two other missionaries are also at this station; living near the city. Bro. Seelye and Ingles—the former of whom I became acquainted with at London and whom with his family we love with unfeigned affection. The latter we have not yet seen. He is on a visit further south, but returns next week.

The Major took me over the gun carriage factory a few days ago. It is a wonderful place, and they can turn out almost anything that is called for—except the cannon which are cast elsewhere. The stock of timber in store is worth nearly a million of dollars. Some of it has been seasoning 30 or 40 years and could not be replaced "for love or money," in case of destruction. So extra precautions are taken against the great enemy—fire. The superb forests of Nepal, whence the supply comes, lie along the British frontier, at the foot of the Himalayas hereaway. These rich possessions were given to Jung Bahadur, at the close of the critical period of '37 and '38, for services rendered in the mutiny. It was a graceful recognition of valuable aid, given when most needed. This able prime minister of Nepal headed his Ghoorka troops, and helped Lord Clyde to retake Lucknow and settle India. In return he got these greatly coveted forests—incomparably the finest in India—and now the British government has to buy at a "long" price what was once their own. The Sheeshum (Shitum of scripture) is super excellent—better than even the choicest English Oak. The Major tells me it has been sent all the way to Woolwich Royal Arsenal, for use in particular work, in gun carriage manufacture there.

How oddly it sounds—this hum and stir of a great industry on the banks of the Ganges, and how strange the sight of a thousand natives streaming out of a huge factory, where all the skilled workmanship is the product of their hands. They mount the guns that keep their race in subjection; as the very soldiers, who preserve the government of the hated foreigners, are their own brethren. The elegance of government in India is a problem of delicacy, that no one can properly study save on the ground. The specialty of the city of Furruckabad, is the manufacture of brass vessels. "Every artificer of brass" finds work here and the din is deafening as nearly every thing is hammered out. It is wonderful what neat work they turn out, of all sorts.

The friends took us up to the old Nawab's palace, a few days ago. The wretch was responsible for the massacres that occurred here, and when the city was retaken his palace was blown into the air, and a "city hall" erected on the spot. He occupied a halter by timely flight; and died on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Let us hope he was sorry for his crimes. The view from the elevated spot, where his palace and fort commanded the city, is lovely—almost as much so as that of Lucknow from La Martiniere. One can scarcely see any city at all—so embowed are the houses in trees. The domes and minarets rising above this billowy verdure are very picturesque. There was no little grandeur in Furruckabad, in the days of the old Nawab. The steep banks of the ancient bed of the Ganges are lined with elegant bathing ghats, which the receding river, now two miles away, in another channel, has left high and dry and quite useless, except a nice place for picnics. They have lovely gardens in the rear and we spent a delightful day, last week in one of them.

The girls have had their desire for elephant riding quite satisfied as they have two at the fort, with very little to do and quite at their disposal when they wish to have a lofty mount. One of them has a tall half-bitten off in a tiger hunt, that Mrs. M. thills the young folks by narrating. She has had a wonderful and varied experience during her long sojourn in India, and the girls are devoted listeners. So they have a good time telling and hearing.

Every night, after meeting, we dine with our dear friends, and sit till bed time. Pleasant reunions, ever memorable. The long dining table usually has about 20 seated at it. The Mackerelies are entertaining as guests, while the meeting lasts, never and one Rakkar, five, with other transient invited friends usually makes the number near the score.

Last Friday we had a remarkable meteoric shower. There was a continuous down-pour—I suppose—the whole night. We left them falling in undiminished numbers when we retired near midnight. None were very brilliant, but the numbers were wonderful. In every direction—falling generally towards the horizon, but often also shooting athwart towards the zenith, these fiery missiles of the sky, and on their mysterious course. The children "How I wonder what you are," was all the explanation we could give the other, as to the phenomenon. Appealing to the scientific in our helplessness, we found on consulting the books, that they knew as little as any of us about them. The weather is simply perfection. No country can match India from November to February inclusive. But the other eight months pay up for it with their purgatorial heat. The "hot winds" bluster and scorch; the "rain" stews; and the malarial "drying up" that succeeds wastes every energy, with low fevers, that the protracted heat has engendered. It is simply horrid for two-thirds of the year.

The dear men and women who brave this climate, for the sake of souls—with no hope of earthly gain—are worthy of far more honor than they ever get, on earth. The LORD will not forget it; though, and they will have full recognition in a coming day. I honor them more and more every day, and I could wish they were more tenderly appreciated at home.

To the civil and military officer, India is only a place of weary exile, where he is to work his appointed time, for the handsome retiring pension—which is to be the reward of service rendered. He looks forward to that with hopeful longing, and when his "time comes," to go, he turns his back on the country with unspeakable relief. Often, it is true, to find that his long sojourn in the orient has utterly unfitted him for home life. But he doesn't know that till he returns and learns by sad experience. Many true men and women, it is also true, "make the best" of their exile and fill up the years with useful labor, in really bettering the condition of the people, they rule. But even with the best none would tolerate the thought of spending life here. "Home" is too often an ignis fatuus, but it is ever a "star of hope" to the British resident—to lose which, is to have life's great stimulant blotted out. He works "to go home," he endures—"in go home," he is patient, for the sake of the "home" he will get at the end of toll.

The missionary's "home" is not this side of heaven. No comfortable pension awaits his old age. No "retirement" waits any capacity to work remains, and his helpless "three score and ten," if he attains it, lies a burden on the "Board." Are they glad to get rid of it? It is a "relief," whether it may be called a joyful one or not, when the old men, who have outlived activity, hand over the salaries they no longer earn, to younger and stronger laborers.

"This is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun." "This also is vanity." It ought to be remedied, I am sure. Retiring pensions ought to make part of the mission machinery; and old and faithful servants ought not to be turned out to die in penury or compelled to stay in this country, after their capacity for active service is gone; because the mission funds will not bear the strain of a generous pension at home. It is a burning shame to the church that such things are done in her name. No man or woman ought to be sent to the mission vineyard to labor through "the burden and heat of the day," without the sacred right of claiming abundant support at home, after that work has been well done, and life's

eventide draws on apace. If the mission work can not make such provision it had better "retire from business," that bears the LORD'S sacred name as its warrant for continuance. I am sure HE never treated an old and faithful servant thus. Nor ought those who act in his dear name and by His authority under any pretense, or for any reason, perpetrate such a wrong, however unwittingly.

Some movements in the right direction are being languidly made, but nothing commensurate with the fearful wrong to be righted. The millennium will be here and the thing not be headed, before "steps" are taken that will make the church as good to her faithful servants as the government of England is to hers. I wonder that anybody believes in christianity—looking at those who profess it. Happily there is something back of that on which the soul can rest. But the "lukewarm" church makes infidels as fast as she saves sinners. I am afraid. As far as I know.

GEO. O. BARNES.

HOW IT'S PRONOUNCED.

Some call it Mikado.
To rhyme with "high dodo."
And some say Mikado,
Rhyming it with "the laid o."
While few say Mikado
To rhyme with "my dad, o."
Others get it Mikado
Like the Irish "Mick had, o."
Yet a few say Mikado
To rhyme with "the soul, o."
While some think Mikado
Should rhyme with "my cod, o."
Others swear that Mikado
Ought to rhyme with "Mick hot, o."
To correct my, Mikado
To rhyme with "he sawed o."

But pronounce it as you will, the best plan is to go to the Stanford Opera House, January 21st, and hear the Leland Opera Co. render it.

She Fell—He Tumbled.

It was on a corner.
On a public, icy corner.
As I approached it from one direction
An angel approached it from the opposite.
I mean an angel in female clothing—
\$15 hat—real skin sacs—\$8 boots—and
such a face and form!
As we were about to pass she fell.
There was no bag-of-sin business about it, but she simply uttered a little shriek—a very little one—tossed up her right arm, and then gracefully settled down in a heap with one foot peeping out from under her dress.

I'll be hanged! I'll be hanged if it wasn't the most graceful thing I in the books—the prettiest, sweetest, daintiest fall ever seen in public.
Quick'n chain-lightning I made up my mind to marry her. I had fully determined never to marry a woman who slipped down like a bow-legged quadruped and made herself an object of ridicule to the public.

Months passed.
So did I.
My love never grew cold. She took occasion to fall again—this time off a step ladder in the back yard as we trained a climbing rose.

Gracious! but how beautiful! She didn't go down with a swoosh and a kerplunk, but descended like a bird—slowly, gracefully, quietly, properly.
After that I hastened the marriage day. I had long ago determined never to marry one of these women who kick the step-ladder through the bank fence as they take a tumble.

We were applied. My happiness kicked the beam at 2,000 pounds.

Inside of a week she threw a clock at me. Next day she went into a fit and kicked two panels out of the door and several panels out of me. She tried to saw me in two with a case knife. She sought to explode a can of tomatoes under my chin as I slept. She stole my watch and pawned it—she plundered my wallet—she placed a torpedo in my path, and she fled with a man who was selling patent store blacking—three packages for twenty-five cents, warranted not to raise any dust or spot the carpet.

Let 'em fall.
I stand on very icy corners and wait and grin and anticipate.

I calculate and grin and chuckle. I am heartless. Let 'em fall gracefully or otherwise. Let 'em descend like feathers, or with a bump which shakes the earth. Let 'em screech on all fours, mad and chagrined, or let 'em remain in graceful position until some soft-hearted fool rushes up to extend a hand.

I am there, but I am immovable, impenetrable, unrelenting.—[Detroit Free Press.]

The practice of young men standing around a church door of evenings to see girls home, is largely indulged in, in some country places, but it is going out of style since girls have got sand enough to say, "No, thanks, I came alone, and I will go alone." A young man who has not got manliness enough to escort a girl to church but who waits 'till church is out, and she has got away from the glare of the lamps, where no one can see him, and then offers his elbow, is a soft-headed fool, and a girl who will accept such an escort is either a silly or a hypocrite. Also, young girls should maintain their dignity always, and to stand on the stairs after a dance and corral a young man to go home with her knocks dignity higher than a kite, and makes a girl feel very small. Girls, stay away from dudes until you are older than the hills, before you place yourself in such an embarrassing position.—[Boston News.]

We Do So With Pleasure.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

STANFORD, Jan. 10.—The reference in your paper of Friday last to the special term of Circuit Court held here last week, does Judge Owsley an injustice—unintentionally I know. He called the special term by request of myself and another member of the bar on our assurance that it would only be devoted to the transaction of some routine business which would prejudice nobody, but be of great benefit to the parties concerned. We assured him at the time that if it did not suit his convenience to attend, a member of our bar would hold court for him and without charge to him or to the State, and this was done.

Please make the proper correction in your next issue. Very truly,

J. W. ALCORN.

A Sam Jones Story.

Sam Jones told the following story in a meeting at Atlanta, Ga., during the excitement over the prohibition question:
"There was a married couple with half a dozen children and only one bed. The whole family slept in that bed—and they were so thick one couldn't turn over unless all did. So when anybody got tired sleeping on one side he'd say 'turn!' and over the whole family went. They got so used to it that even when they heard the word 'turn' in their sleep they would hustle over. One day the old man was fishing on a log bridge over the river. The sun was hot and the fish was not biting, and he fell asleep balanced on a log. One of the boys saw him and thought he would try a joke, and halloed out 'turn!' and over the old man went headlong into the water. Now I want the temperance men to halloo 'Turn' until the anti-men who are asleep on the bridge over the prohibition river will hear it and drop in."

Gilhooley dropped into the office of Judge Pennybunker a few days ago. After they had talked about local politics, the weather etc., Judge Pennybunker remarked:

"You come to see me very frequently, Gilhooley, but there's one thing about your visits that I can't understand."

"What is that?"
"Well, it is the fact that you have never yet invited me to call on you."

"That's easily explained," said Gilhooley, yawning and stretching himself; "you see when I come to visit you, if you make me tired with your talk I can get up and go, but if you call on me at my house and bore me with your talk, I may not be able to get rid of you without being impolite, see?"—[Arkansas Traveler.]

The Beattyville Enterprise is for the whipping post, and puts its arguments in this shape. And now every low slung vagrant in the State, who has idled around all summer, having now neither bed nor board, the same now steals something—anything—so he can be put to jail so he can get what his business has failed to provide—the bed and the board. Who pays for the bread meat and bean soup he feasts on? Let the man with a large family who works winter and summer to support them, answer this question next time the sheriff comes round after his taxes. Then answer this: Why not have a whipping-post?

The editor of a newspaper in this State thus appeals to delinquent subscribers: "To all those who are in arrears one year or more who will come forward and pay up arrearages and for one year in advance, we will give a first-rate obituary notice gratis in case it kills them."

—An exchange tells "How to boil onions." What we want is a recipe for boiling the man who eats them.

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The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Interesting Experiences.

Miram Cameron, Furniture Dealer of Columbus, Ga., tells his experience thus: "For three years have tried every remedy on the market for Stomach and Kidney Disorders, but got no relief, until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and think Electric Bitters the best Blood Purifier in the world." Major A. B. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing Kidney affection and says: "Noth ing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters." Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Penny & McAllister.

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, ex-Regt. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner. Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at Penny & McAllister's Drug Store.

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To the people of this country we would say that we have been given the Agency of Dr. March's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c a box. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

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CANDIDATES.

W. B. WITHERS

Is a Candidate for Assessor, subject to the action of the Democracy.

E. D. KENNEDY

Is a Candidate for Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

GEORGE S. CARPENTER

Is a Candidate for County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democracy.

J. M. JOHNSON

Is a Candidate for Assessor of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democracy.

WILLIS C. BARNETT

Is a Candidate for the office of Jailer of Lincoln county, subject to primary election of the Democratic party.

W. T. SAUNDERS

Is a Candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Democracy.

T. M. PENNINGTON

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democracy.

J. B. PAXTON

Is a Candidate for County Attorney of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE W. O. HANSFORD

Is a Candidate for County Attorney of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE T. W. VARNON

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject to the action of the Democracy.

J. D. SWOPE

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democracy.

GEORGE B. COOPER

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAMES P. BAILEY

Is a Candidate for Circuit Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

T. D. NEWLAND

Is a Candidate for Sheriff of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democracy.

W. L. DAWSON

Is a Candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

SAM. M. OWENS

Is a Candidate for Jailer of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

D. R. CARPENTER

Is a Candidate for re-election as County Attorney, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAMES W. ALCORN

Is a Candidate for Circuit Judge in the 1st District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

R. C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of the 8th Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

O. H. WADDLE

Is a Candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney of the 5th Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JOHN S. VAN WINKLE

Is a Candidate for Circuit Judge of the 8th District, subject to the Primary election of the Democratic party to be held the 1st Saturday in March, 1886.

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—THE SEMI-WEEKLY—

Interior Journal

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[154-17.]

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W. P. WALTON.

It ought to be a plain proposition to every sensible man that if the Board of Commissioners of the Penitentiary is to be held responsible for its conduct, it should have the appointment of the warden. Strange to say, however, it has not, the law calling for the election of that officer by the Legislature, which rarely regards fitness as a requisite. Though it has not the right of appointment, the Board can remove the warden, and it did when it found Capt. South thoroughly unfit for the position both as a disciplinarian and as a manager of such an institution. It had reached such a condition of fitness that it was frequently spoken of as the "Black Hole of Calcutta" and was in every way a shame and reproach to the State. The Board secured Capt. E. H. Taylor as warden and in a short time there was a complete change in the place, and at present, everything considered, it is as neatly kept as any institution of the kind in the country. The most sceptical have only to visit the place to be convinced that the Board acted right in making the change. The Legislature should therefore ignore Capt. South's petition for a reinstatement and pass the law suggested by Gov. Knott giving the Board the power to appoint as well as dismiss a warden.

SPEAKER CARLISLE has at last announced his committee. They number 48 and it is no easy job to place 325 members on them so as to please them and at the same time arrange the committee for expediency and proper legislation. The chairman of the most important are: Morrison, ways and means; Randall, appropriations; (this committee has been shorn of the most of its power by new rules recently adopted); Bland, college, weights and measures; Willis, rivers and harbors; Belmont, foreign affairs; Herbert, naval; Cobb, public lands; Turner, elections; Reagan, commerce; Tucker, judiciary; Curtin, banking and currency; Hatch, agriculture; Bragg, post office; Wise, manufactures; O'Neill, labor; Eldridge, pensions; Springer, claims; Cox, civil service. Kentucky gets three chairmanships: Willis, rivers and harbors; Robertson, expenditures in war department; Haiselt, private land claims. Gov. McCreary is on two important committees, college, weights and measures, and foreign affairs. Gen. Wolford is second on the pension committee.

The present has been the severest as well as the most general cold snap that has visited the country for years. From Canada to the Gulf the earth is enveloped in snow, while deaths from freezing are reported at Galveston, Texas, and in Florida. The destruction among cattle in the West has been terrible and great suffering has prevailed all over the country. The mercury went below zero in Atlanta and in the Manitoba country it reached the almost unparalleled point of 52 below. In the Northwest and North snow is reported from 4 to 6 feet deep and railroad travel on many Western roads has been abandoned for a week. The suddenness of the coming of the cold wave caught the imprudent poor more than usual unprepared and they have suffered intensely.

A PUBLIC meeting was held at Harrodsburg last week, we learn from the *Democrat*, when it was unanimously resolved that the law creating the State Board of Equalization ought to be repealed. It was also the sense of the meeting, that it is the duty of the Legislature to attend to public business and to ignore such legislation as can be attended to by the courts and municipal corporations. The Mercer county man is never more in the mood of expressing his opinion.

HON. G. H. KELLER, Clerk of the House, says we do him an injustice when we state that he visited all the members at their homes and boded them for their support. He only visited 17 and met six others in his travels. Keller is an exceedingly likable man and we would not do him a wrong for anything, therefore we cheerfully give him the benefit of this statement. He is a clever gentleman and a capable clerk and we are glad that the State will have so competent a man in its service.

THE *Stanford Journal* this week publishes a picture and sketch of the life of Col. E. Polk Johnson. The picture, however, is a base libel on our heroism and brave Colonel. [Louisville Times]. It was indeed a miserable caricature and we were really vexed when it looked even worse in the paper than in proof. The photograph from which it was made was a small and poor one and the cut was the second at tempt at it by the engraver.

AN Ohio woman was married to a man on his death bed, and was so anxious for his body that she scarcely waited for his breath to leave the body before she demanded the key to his trunk and when they were refused her by an uncle of the dead man, she raised a terrible rumpus. An Ohio woman is as keen after money as an Ohio republican is as persistent for office.

We desire to state right here and now that we are for W. H. Monnell for postmaster of Louisville, first, last and all the time. We do not know that this will help the case any, but if the President knew him as well as we think we do, he would appoint him without a question.

THE statement is made that Gov. Knott only remitted fines to the amount of \$10,399 last year. This is not a bad showing, but could we have not gotten along just as well with the two left-hand figures had not been reached?

The unanimous nomination of Dr. John D. Woods by the Legislature caucus, to succeed himself as public printer and binder, was a most fitting recognition of the faithful, honest and excellent manner in which he has discharged his duties, as well as a deserved compliment to him as a man and a democrat. There are few better men in this country than the big-hearted, whole-souled Doctor, and the dirty sleuth hounds of the press, who have maligned him ought to despise themselves, if such cattle have consciences enough to regret a mean action. No other candidate was put in nomination, as the opposition saw it was useless, when they failed to carry a resolution of postponement by a majority of 60 odd. Senator Barry comforted himself and then by recounting the excellent public services of Col. Major, who indeed is a fine gentleman and an honest man, but did not present his name. Three cheers for the caucus and its gallant nominee!

ESTACE GIBSON, a West Virginia Congressman, openly attacked the Administration in a speech at Washington in which he claimed that the party had been betrayed by those it had elevated. He said the battle cry was "Turn the rascals out," but instead of that they had been promoted; that civil service was all bosh and a sham; that the President was honest and meant to do right, no doubt, but he was making a mistake, a sad mistake, which, if not corrected soon would break up the democratic party. He said that of all the offices under the Government, two sevenths were in the hands of the democrats and five-sevenths in possession of those that opposed the democrats. There are a good many persons of Mr. Gibson's way of thinking, but they don't blurt it out so boldly. Nor so unnecessarily.

A BILL to reduce the peremptory challenges of defendants in felony cases to 10 and the commonwealth to three has been presented by Mr. Thompson, of Mercer. It is a move in the right direction, but would not the ends of justice be better served if the Commonwealth were given as fair show as the law breaker? It certainly looks that way to an outsider.

THE *Richmond Whig*, which died with the defeat of its master Mahone, has been sold to a couple of good democrats, who will restore it to the proud position it held in Virginia affairs, when it represented the party whose name it bore, and until it sold out to the little repudiator.

A CONTEMPORARY suggests that before the present year closes people will be voting who were born after the war ended. The bloody-shirt evangelists will encounter tough material in this new voting element.

HAS the *Bourbon News* discarded its insides? It has come to us on the half shape a number of issues, but even in that shape it has as much reading as the average weekly.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—The Legislature adjourned Saturday on account of cold weather.

—The Senate will pay its Clerk \$8 instead of \$10 and its Sergeant-at-Arms \$5 instead of \$8 this session.

—Senator Rigney is anxious to know the number of notaries in commission, but for what reason he alone knows.

—A bill to amend the criminal code so as to permit one magistrate to try felony cases has been reported favorably.

—The gentlemen who are pulling the string attached to Fontaine Fox Bobbitt is respectfully requested to quit. (Commercial.)

—Since its establishment in 1870, the State Bureau of Agriculture has cost \$25,749.02 and in 11 years the Geological Survey \$156,300.

—Hon. J. Boyle Stone presented a resolution that the Auditor of Public Accounts be required to furnish to the House a statement of all sums he had paid to Justices of the Peace for sitting in examining trials.

—The Legislative caucus did the proper thing when it re-nominated Mrs. Hanson for librarian, for she has made a most excellent officer. Miss Nannette Daley, the other candidate, was not even put in nomination.

—The fathers of Congressman Taubee and ex Congressman Paul Thompson are both members of the Kentucky Legislature. It is an encouraging sign of the times to see the boys thus giving the old men a chance. (Times.)

—It is stated that Owens sold out to O'futt in the Speakership race with an eye to the future. The consideration is that O'futt is to keep out of his way when Breckinridge is to be retired from Congress. (South Kentuckian.)

—O'futt's bill providing for calling a constitutional convention has been reported favorably and will be the special order to-day. Another bill is pending providing for a sovereignty convention to revise the antiquated document.

—Mr. Thompson wants to know of Auditor Hewitt what amount he has paid to pro tempore Commonwealth's Attorneys and what warrant he has to pay such claims. Baily for "Old Phil," his every move as far has been in the right direction.

—The Senate spent a whole day last week wrestling with the question as to who should appoint the pages, the Sergeant-at-Arms or the Senate and to prevent a vote on the question, Senator Barry spoke several hours and until the adjournment.

—In September 1882, the Court of Appeals had 470 cases on its docket and since then 1,356 have been entered. 121 appeals in criminal prosecutions have been filed and 61 appeals from the Superior Court.

During the time 1,356 of the entire number have been decided. Out of 1,969 cases since the opening of the Superior Court in 1882 1,432 cases have been decided. There are 1,033 cases on the docket of the two courts now.

—The House has passed a bill to incorporate the town of Embank, Pulaski county.

—Col. Thompson's bill fixing the qualification of jurors does not make intelligence a bar.

—Mr. Bobbitt's speech regarding the nomination of Mrs. Hanson is highly complimented.

—The Board of Equalization has so far cost \$9,104.70, which money might have as well gone to pay the State's debt.

—On motion of Senator Burnett, the Senate adopted a joint resolution fixing next Tuesday, at 11 o'clock for election for Public Printer and Librarian.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—John Young Brown fell at Henderson and broke his knee-cap.

—Of course John Sherman was re-nominated by the Ohio republicans.

—A block of store-houses at Mobile burned, causing a loss of \$160,000.

—A bill has been presented in Congress to repeal the internal revenue tax on tobacco.

—The new town of Dunsin, in Dakota, offers \$300 and a town lot to the first baby born in the place.

—The bill for the admission of Dakota will be reported favorably to the Senate by Senator Harrison to day.

—Ben Roberts, who killed George Baker in Casey, had his examining trial last week and went to jail in default of \$800 bail.

—The New York Bankers are not enthusiastic over Speaker Carlisle's Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures.

—Senator Eustis has offered a resolution requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the \$10,000,000 bonds call in silver.

—J. C. Fenton, late postmaster at High Grove, Nelson county, is in jail at Louisville for refusing to surrender his office to Cleveland's appointee.

—Senators Walthall and George have been re-nominated by the democratic legislators of Mississippi, which is equivalent to an election.

—The Druggist Am Ende, of Hoboken, whose error in preparing a prescription caused the death of the Holtz sisters, was acquitted by a jury.

—At the beginning of last year Vermont had thirteen ex-governors living, but four of them died during the year. Nine ex-governors still live.

—Hansibal, Mo., comes to the front with a report of the death of a colored woman 120 years old and who leaves a daughter just budding into the twenties.

—An engineer on the Cincinnati Southern has invented a blower by which an engine can be got ready for the road from cold water in twenty minutes.

—The snow caused the trains to get mixed on the W. & N. near Reading, Pa., and a collision occurred, which broke up two trains and killed three passengers.

—Senators express a desire to get the Presidential nominations of their hands as quickly as possible, and to that end much of this week's session is expected to be devoted.

—Senator Edmunds' new Anti-Polygamy bill passed the Senate Saturday by a vote of 38 to 7. This new measure practically throws the Mormon church into the hands of a receiver.

—Senator Wilson, of Iowa, reported favorably from the Committee on postoffices and post-roads, a bill to prohibit the mailing of newspapers and other publications containing lottery advertisements.

—The democratic primary at Lexington Saturday resulted in a complete victory of the Johnson faction. He was re-nominated for Mayor by a large majority with a full city ticket, including Col. Mat Watoo for recorder.

—Congressman Latham, of Kentucky, has introduced a bill to amend the Civil-service law by limiting the examinations to only the matters which may fairly test the applicant's fitness for the position to which he seeks an appointment.

—The New Orleans Exposition management have asked the city to buy the Exposition property for \$125,000. It originally cost \$1,350,000. It is feared that unless some financial aid is forthcoming the enterprise will have to be abandoned.

—A Vermont woman, who attempted suicide by drowning, found the water so cold that she changed her mind and went home damp and shivering. Women should know that it is very dangerous to attempt suicide by drowning when the water is cold. They might contract a fatal case of pneumonia. (Norrington Herald.)

—A man claiming to be Count Zyzowski, of Poland, and a participant with Napoleon in the battles of Austerlitz and Waterloo, and with Grant and Sigel in the late war, was before a Chicago police court Friday, charged with an assault. The able veteran is 95 years old, and as the charge against him indicates, is still warlike.

—The front wall of the building occupied by Trubee & Co., J. Balmforth and H. P. Forward, near S. and Main street, Louisville, fell Friday evening, catching under it and crushing to death Col. M. H. Wright and Mr. Balmforth. The building at once took fire and its contents were entirely destroyed. Loss \$110,000.

—Gov. Hoadly, of Ohio, went into politics two years ago worth \$50,000. He retired yesterday with largely reduced means, but with a large and varied stock of experience, which can scarcely be classed among the valuable assets of a man going out of business. John Sherman could give the Governor points in the matter of making politics pay.

—George M. Palmer, a Philadelphia banker has buried six children and married a third wife within a year. The bridegroom, his son and a journeyman baker were all sick on the day of the wedding, but Mr. Palmer managed to pull himself together sufficiently to go through with the ceremony. In the matter of varied domestic experience Mr. Palmer may be said to take the prize.

—The democrats at Columbus, O., gave a banquet in honor of Jackson's day. Henry Watterson responded to the toast "The Democratic Press."

—The estimates of the National expenses for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, exceed by \$15,778,158.29 the estimates for the current year. What is more important still, they exceed by \$50,826,710.05 the appropriations for the present year.

—Two trains on the L. & N., 60 miles north of Birmingham, Ala., collided on a bridge, Friday night, which gave away and carried down with it portions of each train. John Johnson, fireman, and Sam Pullam, a brakeman, were killed and William Johnson, engineer, George Young, conductor, and two colored brakemen were seriously injured. The bridge was 120 feet high, yet conductor Harris, who fell with it, swam ashore unhurt.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Leland's Opera Troupe will present the "Mikado" at the City Hall in this place on the evening of Dec. 20th.

—People generally who believe that coal dealers have no conscience will be surprised to know that since the cold wave struck us the price on that very necessary article has been reduced by Lancaster dealers. It is selling delivered at 12 1/2 cents.

—Miss Minnie Walker is visiting friends in Nicholasville. Rev. T. M. Vaughan and family have removed to Christiansburg. Mr. Parry Jefferson, of the Globe Tobacco Warehouse, Cincinnati, is in town snow-bound. Charley Brown and S. F. B. Morse, of the K. C. railroad, were in town last week.

—The extreme cold weather of Saturday caused a lull in business which was very audible to the merchants, who had nothing to do but discuss the probable "letting up" of the spell. Country men were scarce as violinists in school, and the few who ventured to town wore for the most part frost-bitten ears or feet.

—The driver of the Bryantville mail-wagon couldn't make the rifle on account of the snow drift. The mail-man of Buckeye attempted the trip on foot, but was forced to return after he had gotten five miles on his way. The one who goes to Stanford, however, is the noblest Roman of them all as he made his trip through on horseback without accident. There has been no train on the K. C. since Saturday morning.

TWO FUNERALS—There was a curious and trying episode the other day at Kearny street. Up Kearny street came a French funeral with a band and the usual procession. Down Bush street came a German funeral; with a band and a procession the same. At the intersection of the two streets the processions met. There arose a question of precedence, and pending its discussion the two bands played at one another their respective dead marches to the irreverent amusement of a crowd of unympathetic lookers on. Finally the police came along and settled the question, and then the two hearse got mixed up and for some time the French procession was moving with the German hearse and vice versa. The awkward part of it is that even now some of the mourners are wondering if they buried the right man in the right place. (San Francisco Chronicle.)

The fairy tales of tremendous and well organized opposition to Dr. Woods and the *Courier Journal* Job Printing Company for re-election as Public Printer, which our esteemed contemporaries the *Commercial* and *Post* have been narrating, have not come true. Dr. Woods was nominated without opposition, no doubt to the bewildering surprise of infinite space, where the orb of the planetary system had stopped moving for two weeks to see how things would come out. The wishes of our esteemed contemporaries seem to have been father to their news on this subject. Dr. Woods is a clever, honest gentleman, who deserves endorsement, and as for the *Courier Journal* Job Printing Company, his backer, it possesses the largest facilities for printing in the South. (Louisville Times.)

The *Paducah News* expresses our sentiments exactly. It says:

"One long, strong prayer for the whipping-post is necessary all over the land to overcome the mawkish sentiment of modern Kentucky solons. Louisville reports a man beating his wife with a chair and leaves her insensible upon the floor. Now, Mr. Legislator, what ought to be done with that wretch? Has he not lost honor, shame, humanity? How are such brutes to be moved, restrained or punished? A man who beats his wife is so lost to all respect for himself as to require that of no one else. Is his person more sacred than that of the mother of his children? Publicly cowhide such wretches and where no moral sense is to be found find a skin susceptible to the lash."

While the salary of the Circuit Judges in this State at \$2,400 per annum is low enough, there is an abuse connected with this office that the Legislature ought to put a stop to. We allude to the pay of pro tem. Judges. As the law now is a Circuit Judge may preside over his courts only half of his time, draw his \$2,400 and the State be required to pay \$1,200 additional for the pro tem. Judges. There is no reason why this should be so. The State considers \$2,400 as sufficient compensation to hold all the courts in each Judicial District and right at that amount the draft on the Treasury for that purpose should stop. The pro tem. Judges should be paid by the Circuit Judges themselves. (Lexington News.)

Counsel (to witness). "Then you think he struck you with undue force?" Witness (indignantly). "You can't mix me up like that. I've told you twice he hit me with a brick. There wasn't no malice nor nothing of the kind about it." (N. Y. Times.)

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We wish right here to thank those who have given us their very liberal patronage in the past and ask the privilege of returning the favor by selling them goods CHEAPER than they have ever bought them before.

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